

The Gossips Meeting, Or :

The merry Market-Women of Taunton.

The Gossips being in a merry vein,
Each one doth of her Husband sore complain,

Declaring how they can them neatly couzen,
And driek off Pots of Nappy Ale a Dozen.

Tune of, The Parliament of Women : Or, Digby's Farewel.



Come all my kind neighbours, & hear me a while, I needs must confesse of my husband, said Jone,
He sing you a song that will make you to smile; That he is a man who loves to stay at home,
Of a parcel of Women of late I did hear, And hard he doth work for to maintain his charge,
In an Ale-house a drinking good Ale and strong beer, And seldome doth chide me, although I spend large,
They talk of their Husbands an' ain every one, But if that he knew of the Pots I do drink,
Both Marget and Sarah, Rebecca, and Jone; He would keep me the ter of it o' my I think:
And they were resolved to have 'tother pot, (know't. But I will be cunning enough for him still,
Concluding their Husbands at home should not For I will be sure of a great at my will.

Quoth one, I will tell you the thing I do fear,
My child it doth cry at home whilst I am here;
But if that my husband doth give me a blow,
Be sure he shall find me no less then a Shrow:
To compass my ends I will bying it about,
And tell him my money it would not hold out,
For all things so dear in the Market row he,
Let him go himself: and the same he shall see.

Quoth the Widow if I watch as I do intend,
My husband shall ne'r know what money I spend;
There be many ways for to couzen a man,
Though he watch his Wife even as close as he can.
If he gives me money to buy meat to roast,
Be sure I will reckon him more then it cost;
And so you may see with your Husbands most byate
And they ne'r the wiser what money you have.

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The Second Part, To the same Tune.



Sith Sarah my husband is of such a mind,
 He calls me to reckon what money's behind;
 When I bring it home, he will tak't in his hand,
 And then he will ask me in what it doth stand:
 Then I make a lye, and tell him something more,
 Or else this cross knave would beat me out of doore;
 For he l not allow me a penny to spend,
 But I care not for two-pence if I meet a friend.

Why should we be cur'd so, hang care, let us drink,
 We'll have t'other pot what e're our husbands think
 It when we come home they upon us do frown,
 We'll give them good words & bring their anger down
 Pretending our Burthens ha' tired us sore,
 As if we were ready to fall on the flore:
 And so by that means they will patient remain,
 And pittie us too, when they hear us complain.

Quoth Margret your simple to think of such fears,
 If my husband scold I will pull him by the ears,
 I am no such fool as to cringe to a man,
 If that he strikes me, I will strike him again;
 Besides i'm with child, which to me is a joy,
 If that I do box him he thinks I but toy;
 Poor fool he is fearful to breed any brail,
 For fear I should wrong that I go withal.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

Then qu. O ther pittle prattle, with all my heart
 We'll have t'other Tankard before we part;
 Come let us sit down and we'll talk of our woes,
 We'll have a full glass in despite of our foes;
 Do not fear your Husbands what ever they be,
 For I my own self have been married to three;
 Although we at noon have had a scolding bent,
 At night I have pleas'd him when as he came to

Yet thinks Gossip Jone you have a lussy man,
 I hope he doth give you content now and then,
 He warrant you're merry enough when I'm sad,
 I'm sure that I want what I formerly had:
 My husband doth sit like a stone all the day,
 And at night in the bed he is cold as the clay;
 I had rather he would go and drink a Pot or two,
 And come home at night and do what he should do

But now Gossips all it is time to be gone,
 For I must haste home to my silly old man,
 And then I will tell him a tale in his ear,
 That every thing in the Market is dear;
 How often I trabel'd about and about,
 And all for to find some good penny-worth out;
 He'll never mistrust I his money did spend,
 And so farewell Gossips, for He make an end.